

SELECT
EPISTLES
OF
PHALARIS,
THE
TYRANT
OF
AGRIGENTUM.

ATTEMPTED
In ENGLISH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *William Jones*, at the *Red Lyon*
in *Cornhil*, 1718.

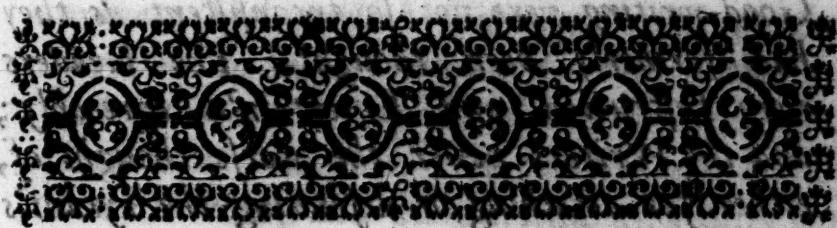
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THE PREFACE.

THE late Edition of PHALARIS'S
EPISTLES, printed at Oxford,
brought to my Mind a long-past Contro-
versy, but never fully decided, about their
being Genuine or Spurious. A great deal
of Learning, not without many smart Refle-
ctions on both Sides, passed several Years ago,
between the Two contending Parties; but

THE PREFACE.

there was one remarkable good Effect produced by this Means, That the World was then made first acquainted that Criticism and Good-writing were not so inconsistent as they had formerly been thought. The Readers were Instructed and Entertain'd agreeably; and the Writers never the worse thought of, either for attacking or defending the Tyrant's Title.

'TIS true, indeed, in the Management of this Controversy, none but the learned Part of the World could judge where the Merits of the Cause lay, nor are the Criticks agreed in the Determination of it to this Day; and therefore far be it from me to set up for an Umpire in so difficult a Point. However, I thought there might be some Light given into this Matter, even to an English Reader, if some of these Epistles were put into our own Language: Such of them, I mean, as were most likely to discover the Temper of the Writer, and help to distinguish between the TYRANT and the SOPHIST. For no Man can so far enter into the full Sentiments of another, as to express his Thoughts with that Vivacity and Energy, which Nature only can dictate, and Art never come up to.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Epistles I have selected, are such as concern the TYRANT, both in his private and publick Capacity: Most of them directed to such intimate Correspondents, as 'tis natural to suppose he would open all the Secrets of his Soul to, particularly his beloved Wife, and his darling and only Son. The Subjects of them are chiefly such as declare his Affection, as a Husband and a Father; or discover his Fears, as an Usurper and Tyrant: Neither of which Passions seems to be here Counterfeited, but to flow from the present Sense of One that actually felt their Influence, and not from the wanton Imagination of any Writer that only fancied them for another. These are the two predominant Passions in the Epistles I have translated: For conjugal and paternal Affection will always find room in the Breast of the most Savage, unless he happens, at the same Time, to be the most Senseless of TYRANTS: And that the most harden'd and daring Tyrant may be appalled, and give Way to the meanest and most abject Fear, Cromwell himself (our other PHALARIS) is a flaming Instance. So strong were the Impressions of this Tyrannical Passion upon ENGLAND'S
TY.

The PREFACE.

TYRANT, That (as Story says) he never told before-hand, either when he would go, or what Road he would take, to his beloved Hampton-Court; That he let no Body know the Bed or the Room he would lie in; and neither thought himself safe in the House by Night, or the Garden by Day, tho' all was continually furrounded, and every Avenue blocked up by his Guards. This was looked upon by Some, as a failure in his Understanding, by Others as the Effect of a guilty Conscience, and by the sanguine Cavaliers as a sure presage of his Downfal, which was universally and impatiently longed for by the whole Nation.

SOME of these Epistles shew the Author's Greatness of Soul, in sparing a brave and generous Enemy: Which is a Quality that may sometimes be met with in Usurpers, whatever the Zealots for Rightful and Lawful may suggest to the contrary. Some of the Letters shew his implacable and cruel Nature, and make us abhor the Man, tho' we cannot but admire the Genius of the Writer: For whatever Faults were to be found in this Tyrant, Want

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Want of Understanding was never laid to his Charge.

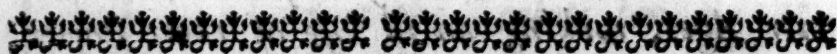
HIS Favour to Men of Learning, tho' Enemies to his Government; and his Desire to have his hopeful Son well educated, were very remarkable: And tho' he was far from having a Mind that his Son should succeed him in the Monarchy; yet he omitted no Care for his Education in all Parts of good Literature; being willing to have him full as Wise, tho' by no Means so Great as himself. But I will not forestal the Book in the Preface.

IT may not be amiss to advertise the English Reader, for whose Benefit chiefly these Epistles were translated, that the Word TYRANT, originally, signify'd no more than KING. But many Tyrants, in former Ages, making an ill Use of their Power, brought the Name itself, by Degrees, into Disgrace; and modern Writers generally make use of it to denote such Kings as rather Abuse than Use the Power that is lodged in them. But in these Epistles, whenever the Reader meets with the Words TYRANT or TYRANNY, &c. he is
to

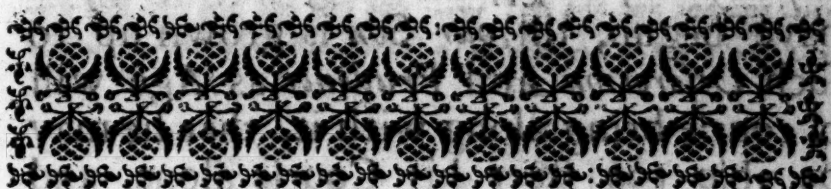
The PREFACE.

to understand no more by them, than such a Monarch and such a Monarchy as he may find nearer home.

I AM sensible these Epistles must lose a great deal of their Spirit by the Translation; and so they must have done by a much better Version than I can pretend to: But if they retain any Footsteps of their original Vigour, the Reader may possibly come into the Opinion, as far as an intrinsic Argument can lead him, That the Epistles could not be calculated for any other Island but Sicily, or any other Usurper but Phalaris.



ERISTLE



EPISTLE XVIII.

To his Wife ERYTHIA.

MY best Thanks, *Erythia*, are due to you, both upon my own Account, and the Account of that common Pledge I left to your Care; I mean our Son: Upon my own Account, because you chose rather to *live under Confinement*, and continue a Widow during my Exile, than to marry any one of those many Suitors that offer'd themselves to you in my absence; upon our Son's Account, because being Mother and Nurse and Father to him, you neither prefer'd any Husband to *Phalaris*, or any Son to *Paurolas*: Your longing after your former Husband being instead of a Second, and the Preservation of the

B Child

Child instead of another Son. Go on, my *Erythia*, to perfect the good Work you have begun, till *our Son* is grown up to such *Discretion* and *Prudence* as Age will o' course bring along with it, that he may be able too steer his Course alone, and neither want the Directions of a Father or a Mother: I press this Matter with so great Earnestness, not out of any Distrust of a Mother's, especially such a Mother's, Kindness to her Child; but out of *my fatherly Concern for an only Son*. You may easily guess, from your own Affection, at a Father's Tenderneſs and Care for his Child; and therefore will readily excuse my writing upon so concerning a Subject in so pressing a Manner.



EPISTLE



EPISTLE XIX.

To his Son PAUROLAS.

IT will well become you, *Paulolas*, to love and reverence *both your Parents*; Decency, no less than Duty, requiring that you should always preserve a grateful Remembrance of those Persons to whom you are indebted for your Birth, and many other Obligations. But if *either* of your Parents is to be slighted or forgot, I desire it may be your *Father* rather than your *Mother*: For your Father has had nothing near the same Care and **Trouble and Concern** for you, with her that carried you in her Womb long before you were born, that brought you into the World, and nursed you in your Infancy, and almost spent herself in continual and innumerable Offices of Kindness to you. Your *Father*, in the mean Time, *who has been at no Manner of Trou-*

ble in your Education, desiring only to enjoy the Fruits of your Mother's Labour. Your Mother, Paurolas, has met with more than ordinary Hardships and Difficulties in bringing you up, during my Banishment and absence from her: The Duty therefore that is owing to both Parents, I desire you would pay wholly to her, who took upon herself the whole Trouble and Care of your Education.

All I desire of you is, to behave dutifully to your Mother; which I shall look upon as the best Earnest of your Duty towards my self.

that carried you in her Womb long before you were born, that brought you into the World, and nursed you in your Infancy, and almost spent herself in continual and innumerable Offices of Kindness to you. Your Father, in the mean time, has been at no manner of Trouble

EPISTLE



EPISTLE XX.

X To the Same.

WHATEVER kind Offices are due from a *Father* to a Son, you, *Paulas*, have abundantly received: And you will be utterly inexcusable if you should not return all the Duties of a Son to a *Father*, that are within your Power. I am told (and have often reprov'd you upon this very Score) that you neglect your Studies: And let me tell you once for all, That if you refuse to oblige me in this Particular, I shall expect to find no other Mark of your Obedience. But withal, I would give you to understand that it will be highly for your own Interest to gratify me in this Point; for the whole Fruit of your Study will, in the End, redound to your Advantage who

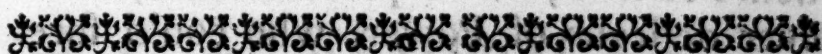
who *Comply*, and not at all to mine, who make the *Request*.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

TO POLLUX.

BY your Letter you seem to wonder at the great Alteration in my Way of Life: That, whereas I used to appear in Publick with more Boldness than became a Tyrant; I now *hide my self from the Sight of my most intimate Friends!* 'Tis true, indeed, I *industriously avoid all Men*; Friends (as well as Others, for I find no Fidelity in any. Wherefore, all Things consider'd, I look upon the Solitude of the *Lybian* Deserts to be preferable to all Society, and the Company of the wild Beasts in the Forests of *Nu-midia*, more eligible and desirable than the Conversation of Men. For I could converse with Lyons, and sleep among Reptiles, with much greater Security than

than with the *Men of this Age*. This is what I have learn'd by long and sad Experience, from the many and various and continual Misfortunes that have befallen me, thro' the whole Course of an unhappy Life.

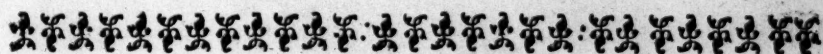


EPISTLE XXXVIII.

TO DEMOTELES.

I CAN pardon your Advice ; since, never having having been a Tyrant your self, you would persuade me to lay down *my Tyranny* : And yet I don't find that you bring ever a One of the Gods, whose Security perhaps I might rely upon, but look upon your self as a sufficient Surety in so weighty an Affair ; not at all knowing, That there is much more Danger in quitting than there is in acquiring such an Authority. For as it is more eligible for a private Man, not to Reign, than Reign ; so is it more advise-

adviseable for a Tyrant not to lay down than to lay down his Scepter. For we may pass the same Judgement upon Tyranny, as upon humane Life in general: And as no Man, who had a Possibility of knowing before-hand all the Troubles and Plagues of Life, wou'd desire to live; so no private Man, however desirous of Power, who cou'd foresee all the Miseries to which Tyranny is expos'd, but wou'd prefer a private Life to That of a Tyrant. Upon the Whole, therefore, O *Demoteles*, I am fully persuaded, That it is better for every Man not to be born at all, than to be born; and to lead all his Life privately, than be a Tyrant. And therefore if you had given me this Advice before I was in Power, you might possibly have restrain'd my Desire after it; but 'since I am actually become a Tyrant, and expos'd to all the Dangers that necessarily attend such a State of Life?' I should hardly be prevailed upon, by the greatest among the Gods, to abdicate my Government. For I know very well, if I shou'd once Abdicate, that I could expect nothing else but a miserable Death from those whom I so



To his Son PAUROLAS.

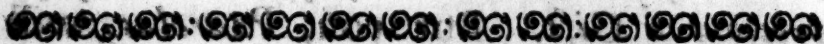
THE Crown which you sent, weighing Six hundred Pieces of Gold, was brought to me ; which I accepted gladly, for the Omen's Sake, and for his Sake that sent it. I was Crown'd with it the Day I offer'd Sacrifice for the Victory I obtain'd over the *Leontines*, and then sent it away for a Present to your Mother ; for I knew no Body worthier of so precious a Gift. But you, *Paulolas*, will be a fairer and more honourable Crown to both of us, if your Behaviour proves answerable to your Parent's Wishes.



EPISTLE XLIV.

To NICIAS.

THE Difference of your Son's Manners from *your Own*; which is, the Ground of your Hatred, is the Cause of other People's Friendship to him: For know this, That *all those who love Him, hate You.*



EPISTLE



EPISTLE XLVIII.

TO MENECELES.

NEVER let it be said, That you repent of any of your good Actions, if you have a Mind to be thought untainted with your *Father's Wickedness*. Otherwise you will quite forfeit the good Opinion the *Camarineans* once had of you; and will be thought to have counterfeited, for a Time, but never to have been really and cordially what you seemed.

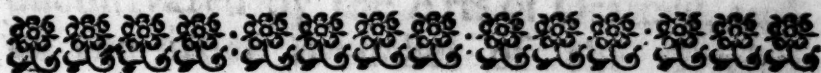




EPISTLE XLIX.

TO EPISTRATUS.

YOU seem to write as to some fortunate and happy Man : But give me Leave to lay my own Condition before you in a few Words. If it be a Happiness for any one to be deprived of his Parents in his Infancy, to be turned out of his Country in his Youth, to be spoiled of the best Part of his Substance, to be *educated among Barbarians*, to be driven from Place to Place, unjustly persecuted in every Place, to be conspired against, not only by his Enemies, but those from whom he had deserved and might have expected best, and to be weary of his Usurpation as soon as ever he was possessed of it ; if this, I say, be Happiness, then *Phalaris* is happy.



EPISTLE LXI.
 To EPICHARMUS.

THE Advice which You and *Demoteles* gave me to quit my Tyrantship, did not proceed from your Ill-will to me, but your Ignorance and Inexperience in Matters of that Kind. It is in every one's Power who affects Tyranny, whether he will venture to take it upon him or no: But the Case is not the same as to laying down his Authority *when once he has acted in it contrary to Law*; for he is then no more able to quit his Possession, than an Archer to recal the Arrow he has once let fly. If you can find any Means how it is now possible for me not to have enter'd upon this Course of Life, go on and prosper: But if that cannot be done, all
 your

your other Advice will be to no Purpose.



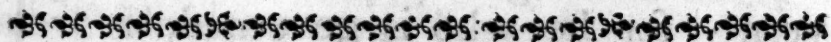
EPISTLE LXVII.

To his Son PAUROLAS.

UPON my coming to *Himera*, about some necessary Business, I heard *Stesichorus's* Daughters singing to their Harp some of their own and some of their Fathers Composition's: Their own Performances were inferiour indeed to their Father's, but much above any other Poetry which could pretend to be brought in competition with 'em. Thrice happy he who was their Instructor in these Sciences; thrice happy they who made such Proficiency as is beyond the usual Bounds and Condition of their Sex. Come on then, *Paurolas*. I would fain know, to what End and Purpose it is, that you inure your Body to Arms and Hunting, and other laborious Exercises; and

and yet suffer *your Mind*, the more noble and principal Part, 'to lie idle and 'uncultivated by the Arts of Oratory, and 'all the other Branches of the *Grecian Literature*.' The Care of the Body needs to extend no farther than the Improvement of Health and Strength, save only in those who prepare themselves to be Champions in the sacred Games: But the Culture of the Mind is necessary for every one who proposes to live with Honour in a *democratical Government*. But if you design, as it is reported, to aspire to the *Monarchy which you think, by the Laws, belongs to you*; and therefore keep up your bodily Strength, as a Thing necessary for that Purpose; you would do wisely to consult him *who repents of his being a Tyrant*, which State of Life he was constrain'd to by Necessity, and not led to by Choice. Whoever has tried both Conditions, will choose to be governed rather than govern; for he who is governed, is free from all other Trouble, and fears only the Tyrant; the Tyrant himself fears *Conspiracies from abroad and Treachery at home*: And among the Multitude of Calamities and Terrors which he is exposed

fed to, his principal Caution should be, to *take care of his own Guards*. Consider therefore this Advice, as dictated by a Father's Kindness ; 'and endeavour by 'all Means so to comport your self, as to 'look upon every Man in the Common-wealth to be your Equal.' Leave Empire and Superiority, with all their frightful Attendants, as a Punishment to your Enemies and your Enemies Children. But if after all this, you imagine there is any Thing pleasant or desirable, and not rather troublesome and vexatious, in the Life of a Tyrant : You are wofully mistaken ; and mistaken only *for Want of Experience*. Do you in the mean Time pray earnestly to the great GOD, that you may never know the State and Condition of a Tyrant.



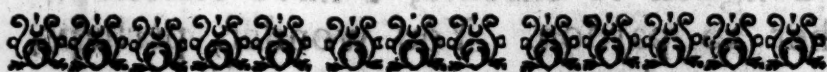


EPISTLE LXXII.

TO PERISTHENES.

THE Wives of the two Conspirators, *Eubulus* and *Ariphantus*, whom you sent to me to be executed, and whom I designed to execute, I have chosen rather to pardon. You wonder, perhaps, at my relenting; but you will wonder more, when I tell you, That their own Bravery was the Cause of their Preservation. For, upon Examination before me, they not only confessed themselves privy to their Husband's Conspiracy, but were ready with their own Hands to have put it in Execution. When I asked 'em what Wrong I had ever done 'em? They answer'd, *None to them in particular, but to the whole Community*: For they looked upon it as a common Injury for free Cities to be reduced to Servitude. When I asked 'em again, What Punishment they thought they deserved? They

answered, Death. Therefore judging those who could die with so much Constancy, more worthy to live; I cou'd do no less than pardon such generous and great Minds. Do you, *Peristhenes*, send for their Relations, and restore to a Tittle, every Thing that was taken from 'em: For I wou'd not have the least Complaint, that I had done them any Injury, and not given every Thing together with their Lives.



EPISTLE XCIX.

TO CEBRON.

WH Y don't those Men, who wonder at the Cruelty of my Nature from the Severity of my Punishments, deter those among you, who conspire against me, by the same Argument? But you think it enough to commiserate their Sufferings, without ever advising them to desist from their Conspiracies.

spiracies. It would indeed be better for me, not to be forced upon these Extremities ; and more adviseable for you, not to be so rash and violent in your Proceedings. If I were of a more mild Nature, and less severe in Punishing ; What is it that you would not attempt ? Since, as the Case now stands, and *you can expect neither Pardon nor Moderation in Punishment*, you run Headlong, and without Stop, to your own Destruction. But I will deal plainly with you, and tell you, that I have a Mind to leave off my Cruelty ; but it is upon this Condition, That you first leave off your Provocations.



EPISTLE CXXIII.

TO LYSICLES.

TIS no wonder, *Lysicles*, that you have not the least Resemblance either of your Father or your Son : For

neither are you *Lysicrates's* Son, or *Neoptolemus's* Father. This, they say, both your Mother and your Wife have owned before many of the *Sicilians*, and are deservedly applauded for it. For this is one of the Things that are always looked upon to be Praise-worthy, viz. to confess the Truth to all Men, especially to those that know the Thing to be true. For if the Women in this Case should have been silent, there are Men enough to testify *your Son to be a Bastard, and your Self a Cuckold.*



EPISTLE CXLI.

To AGEMORTUS.

I AM at length become sensible, O *Agemortus*, how ill I have managed my Affairs. For this very Monarchy which I took so much Pains to get, has, among other Inconveniencies, brought this Disadvantage upon me above all the

the rest, That there is never an honest Man in the Kingdom who will accept of my Favours : So that if I must shew Kindness to any Sort of People, I am under a Necessity of shewing it to the most profligate Wretches that are upon the Face of the Earth. For there is such an unaccountable Aversion in all good Men, both to me and my Government ; That you dread nothing so much as to be thought to receive any Marks of my Favour. How, in the Name of all the Gods, comes it to pass, that among so many well-affected Friends as I once had, not a Man will come near me, nor so much as promise to come near me, except only Callisthenes ? and yet I am fully satisfied that even He never intends to come. Some there are, who care not to own publickly, that they slight and despise my Favours, and therefore make Excuses for their keeping thus at a Distance from me ; One Man is laid up with the Gour, another detain'd by his Friends, and the rest are kept away by some politick Reason or other, and all avoid me. As for you, Agemortus, I never once sent for you ; because I knew it would be to no Purpose : And now in-

indeed I cannot well expect you; for your bad State of Health, and your Wife and Children (which I heartily wish you Joy of) are a reasonable Plea for your staying at home. But I would fain know what Excuse you can have for not accepting the Present I lately sent you: Which, I take the great God to Witness, was not of such a Nature, or convey'd in such an open and invidious Manner as for the whole City to take notice of it; being only a Parcel of Gold, and sent in the dead Time of Night; and yet you started and shrunk away from it, as if you had seen a Spectre, or something more execrable: For you looked upon it, I suppose, as the Gift of *a very wicked Man, and one whose Hands were polluted with Blood.* But I must needs tell you, *Agemortuus*, you are both unjust and unkind, in not taking compassion on me in the miserable Estate to which I am reduced. For, indeed, I am grown so very Wretched, That the chief End for which I desired and took the Government upon me, *viz.* That I might oblige my Friends, is utterly defeated; and I have not a Friend left that will be obliged by me. You have bereaved me of the only
Com-

Comfort that was left me in my Misfortunes ; and not one of you will take a Penny of all my immense and superfluous Riches. And therefore, the Gods are my Witnesses, I am reduced to this Strait ; that since those whom I had a Mind to enrich, refuse my Kindness ; I am forced to bestow it upon those I would not, *even the servile and vile Flatterers and Instruments of my Tyrannical Government.*



Part of EPISTLE CXLVII.

To STESICHORUS.

THE lustful Conon, and Theagoras, who intended to assassinate me, and Antimedes and Pericles, with the rest of their Accomplices, have suffer'd the Vengeance that was justly due to their Crimes : And having taken my full Revenge of these Wretches (had there been no Means of surviving) I could willingly have died. Let 'em call me Murderer, and Impious, and Beast, and Tyrant, and In-

Infamous ; and if they can think of any Thing worse, let 'em not spare to vent it: For the only Calumny I fear from such vile Miscreants, is, their Commendations. But some of them I have shut up in my Bull and burned, some of 'em I have crucify'd publicly, for an Example and Terror to all Conspirators: I have burned out the Eyes of some, and cut off the Toes and Fingers of others, and wracked and tortured many upon the Wheel: Some of their Heads I flay'd, and executed others with more exquisite Torments. For all which I confess my self a Tyrant, and glory in the Power I have of glutting my Revenge; nor will I ever disown or desist from such Acts of Cruelty towards all that provoke me. ~~HOL~~ *Euhulus*, and the rest of the Assassins, have received their Reward: Not indeed such a Reward as the Law allots to the Destroyers of Tyrants, but such as a Tyrant, who is above all Law, has Power to inflict. For I thrust them into the Dens of wild Beasts, Breast high, and after many other Ways of Torture, left 'em there all Night. As for you, *Stefichorus*, all Happiness attend you, and so I bid you Farewel. I have bid

F I N I S.